

Work That We Do

Sublime

We realized so long, long ago and I bet you
Seen it all, the lies won't get you, I've got 14 miles to go
I've got rhythm comin' since I've got the flow
But I won't wanna come around our love
So why, why, why, why, why? If you are rich, I'm gonna hang you on the wall
And I'ma find you
And I find you, I'm gonna get your lovin' arms today
So why we fight to get, we fight to get our weary arms to bed Real love's something that I still hope
People make their own places to go
And now in '94 we're gonna lie some more
In 1994 we're going to die some more And it ever going to be the last show?
It's going to be the last drive
That boss to proud to make the cars that we drive
Don't worry, don't mind, I've got hours of time?
And it's all underneath your voodoo

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